

## Sparrows

Anathallo

I awoke from a dream. I was flying home. The wind wailed on my wings, and my strength was waning. And I knew wherefrom rescue would come, but I scarcely called. Then the sun's rays fell upon me there. Raining, reigning... (and to the ground) a sobering descent. From the dust I'm sure my voice was heard on desolate heights, weeping (Jeremiah 3:21). "Break up your fallow ground and do not sow among thorns" (Jeremiah 4:3). "You shall call me, "My Father," and not turn away from me" (Jeremiah 3:19). As my Father has cared for me to this end (Matthew 10:29-31), how much more will He care for you? O Israel, return (Jeremiah 3&4).